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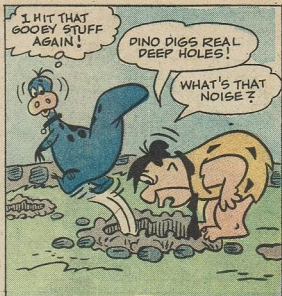
# The FLINTSTONES

and PEBBLES

a Hanna-Barbera  
Production

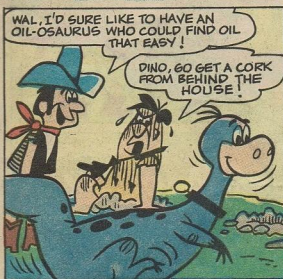






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SELL DINO? I  
WOULDN'T THINK  
OF IT!

I'LL GIVE YA \$1000  
FOR THE CRITTER!



ALL RIGHT, PARDNER...\$2000

NEVER!

MAKE IT \$5000  
...NOT A PENNY  
MORE!



IT'S A  
DEAL!

GO WITH THE  
NICE MAN,  
DINO!

COME ON,  
DINO!



YOU GOTTA GO WITH HIM,  
DINO! HE OWNS YA NOW!

HE SURE IS  
STUBBORN!



YUH'RE GONNA HAVE  
YORE OWN LIMOUSINE!  
YUH'LL EAT THE FINEST  
BRONTOSAURUS  
STEAKS AND HAVE  
A NICE FEATHER  
BED!

THAT SOUNDS  
PRETTY GOOD!



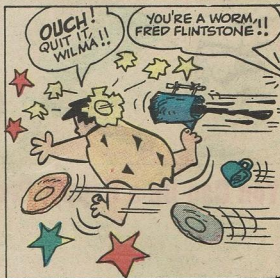
BYE-BYE, DINO!

HE DIDN'T EVEN SAY  
GOOD-BYE... THAT'S  
GRATITUDE FOR YA!



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THERE  
HE IS!

THAT'S IT,  
DINO...  
KEEP  
DIGGIN'!



IF DINO STRUCK OIL  
ALREADY, HE'LL NEVER  
SELL DINO BACK TO  
ME!

I HEAR IT COMIN'...  
IT'S GONNA BE A  
GUSHER!



YA CAN'T WIN 'EM  
ALL, PARDNER!

**SPLUT!!  
MUD!**



YOU SAID HE WAS AN  
OIL-OSAURUS, PARDNER!  
HE'S A MUD-OSAURUS,  
THAT'S WHAT HE IS!

WELL, IF YA  
THINK I CHEAT-  
ED YA, HERE'S  
YOUR MONEY  
BACK! COME  
ON, DINO!



I'M GLAD YOU COULDN'T FIND  
OIL FOR THAT GUY, DINO!

THERE WAS OIL ALLOVER  
THE PLACE... BUT THE STUFF  
IS SO MESSY, I HATE  
GETTING IT ALL OVER ME!

**END**







I ONLY GOT TEN BUCKS, FRED! MAYBE I CAN BUY IT ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN!

THIS IS STRICTLY CASH! HOW ABOUT YOU, FATSO? YOU GOT A HUNDRED?

THAT'S ALL I GOT TOO!

I'M A SOFT-HEARTED SLOB BUT I REALLY LIKE YOU GUYS! TELL YA WHAT I'M GONNA DO!

I'LL SELL YOUSE GUYS THE RING FOR A CRUMMY TWENTY BUCKS!

BOY, THAT'S GREAT! GET UP YOUR TEN, BARNEY!

I DUNNO IF WE OUGHTA BUY THE RING, FRED!

WHADDYA MEAN, YA DUNNO? GIVE HIM THE TEN BUCKS.

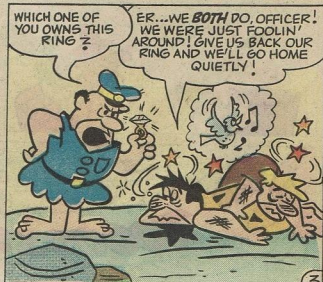
I FEEL LIKE WE'RE CHEATIN' THE GUY, FRED! IT AIN'T FAIR!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, SHORTY... GIMME THE TWENTY AND TAKE THE RING!

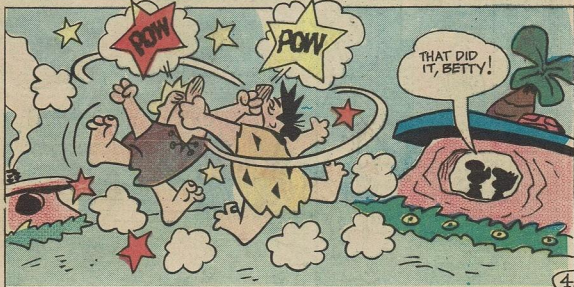
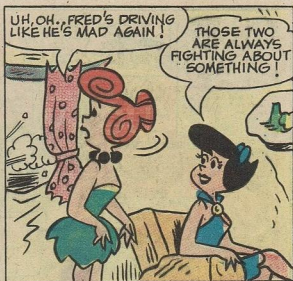
GEE!!







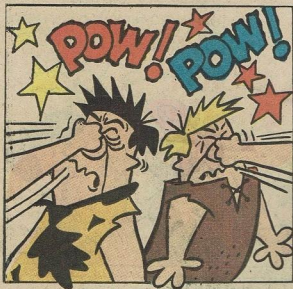












YOU HOLD THE RING, WILMA! WHEN THEY CALM DOWN, THEY CAN TELL US WHERE THEY GOT IT!



..SO I BORROWED TEN BUCKS FROM BARNEY AND BOUGHT YA THE RING... I DIDN'T KNOW THAT RUNT COULD HIT SO HARD!

FRED, DON'T YOU SEE THAT BARNEY HAS AS MUCH RIGHT TO THE RING AS YOU?



MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO SELL THE RING AND EACH OF YOU TAKE HALF THE MONEY!



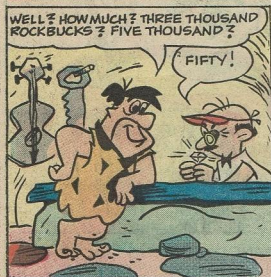
THAT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA! I'LL FIND OUT HOW MUCH I CAN GET FOR IT AND THEN TALK IT OVER WITH BARNEY!



WILMA HAS GOOD IDEAS .... SOMETIMES!



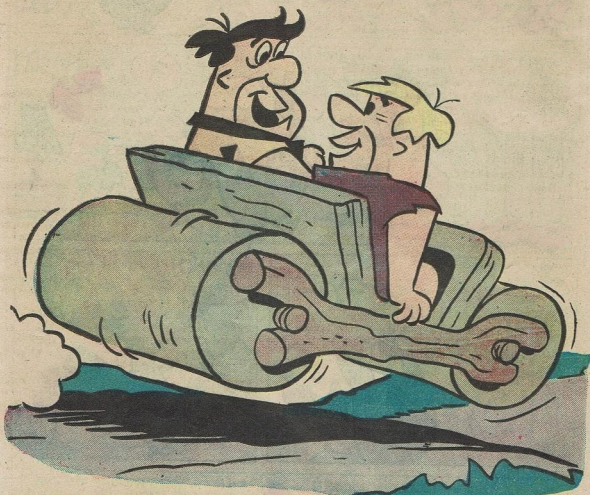
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# A Good Deal-er



"YABBA - DABBA - DOO!" Fred yelled as he and Barney left the quarry in Fred's car, headed for home. It was Friday, and he and Barney had big plans.

"Betty and Wilma fell for it, Fred," Barney Rubble chuckled. "They're gonna go to that high - falutin' concert we got 'em tickets for. All the guys are comin' over for the poker game."

Fred went faster, gloating. "Wilma thinks she's so smart. I can outsmart her any day in the week."

"Yeah. They don't suspect a thing," Barney agreed.

At the Flintstone house, Wilma was getting dressed for the symphony concert Fred and Barney had gotten tickets for.

"Wilma, what's that thing you're wearin' to the concert?" Fred asked.

Wilma had an eyeshade on and she looked innocently at Fred.

"It's the latest style in hats, Fred," she answered. "I think it's cute and it'll keep the light out of my eyes at the terrific concert."

Fred shuddered. The terrific concert was the kind of music Fred hated.

"Well, have a nice time," Fred told Wilma. "Me an' Barney will probably just set around and play checkers or somethin'!"

Wilma and Betty left. The minute they were gone, Barney rushed over. They called the boys to tell them their wives were gone and the game was on!

One of them was suspicious. "Are you sure your wives won't be there? If they are, I'm not coming to



the poker game."

"I guarantee they won't be here, Al!" Fred promised. "Me an' Barney tricked them into goin' to a high-brow concert."

Fred beamed at Barney as they set up the table and chairs for the Big Game. "All the guys are comin', Barney! They sure love to come to poker games at our house."

Barney nodded. "They sure do. I wonder why? Maybe it's because we're such nice guys, huh Fred?"

The poker players were all smiles as they drove toward Flintstone's house.

"Any time Fumble - Fingers Flintstone has a poker game, I wanta be there," Al told his companions.

"Him and Rubble have to be the worst poker players in Bedrock."

They arrived and hurried inside. Barney and Fred had the fresh decks of cards ready, there were poker chips on the table, and Fred had dishes of pretzels and peanuts to munch on. It looked like a great poker game!

Just then, the telephone rang. Fred hurried to answer it.

"Fred? This is Wilma! Betty and I were on our way to the concert and we had a flat tire at the corner of Swamp Avenue and Owlhoot Lane!"

Fred wanted to tell Wilma to fix it herself, but he didn't dare.

"Why don't ya take a taxi to the symphony? Or call a garage and ask them to come over and change the tire?"

Wilma snapped "You and Barney aren't doing anything. Jump in Barney's car and get over here right now!"

Fred didn't argue. He hung up and looked at the guys.

"Me an' Barney gotta run down to Swamp Avenue to fix the tire on my car," he told the guys. "You start without us. We'll be back in fifteen minutes."

Al groaned. "We need at least five players, Fred," he said.

"I can't help that. We'll be right back. C'mon, shortly, you drive!"

Barney was driving fast as they headed into the outskirts of Bedrock. As they passed a Bedrock Police

Car, Fred warned him. "Good thing ya ain't really speedin', shortly. We just passed a cop's car."



Suddenly, they heard the wail of a police siren and the police car pulled up beside them. "Stop, thief!" the policeman said, aiming his gun at them.

They pulled over. The cop got out, looked at the car, and ordered Fred and Barney out of the car.

"Gimme your driver's license and ownership card, shortly," the officer ordered.

Barney searched his pockets. His wallet was gone! "I forgot it, sir!" Barney said.

The officer sneered. "You're both under arrest. We got a report that two car thieves stole this car from the Rubble residence. Come on, you're goin' to jail."

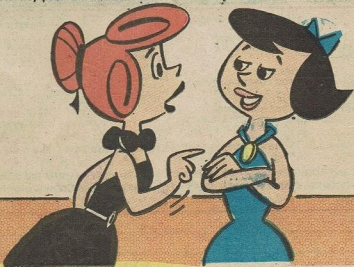
Fred groaned. "Oh, boy, the guys'll be mad. There won't be enough players in the poker game."

But at Flintstone's house five players were sitting at the table. Wilma and Betty laughed when the players asked about their husbands.

"They're in jail by now," Betty told them.

Wilma giggled. "We phoned the police and reported Barney's car was stolen after Betty took his wallet with his license and registration. After the game, we'll go down and get them out."

Al picked up his cards glumly. He knew he was going to lose. Whereas Fred and Barney were the two worst poker players in Bedrock, Wilma and Betty always won!

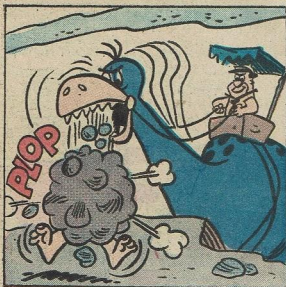


# The FLINTSTONES in FRIENDS TO THE END!











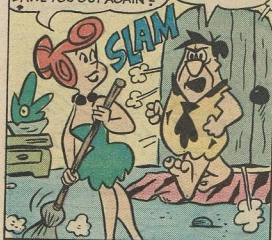


WHAT HAPPENED TODAY,  
SMILEY? DID MR. SLATE  
BAWL YOU OUT AGAIN?

WORSE THAN  
THAT, WILMA!

MR. SLATE MADE  
BARNEY THE FORE-  
MAN! IMAGINE? HE  
PICKED THAT DUMB  
RUNT OVER ME!

YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED  
OF YOURSELF! YOU  
OUGHT TO BE GLAD  
YOUR BEST FRIEND  
GOT A PROMOTION!



WELL, I AIN'T! I THINK  
HE SHOULD'VE PICKED ME!

WILMA, DID FRED  
TELL YOU? ISN'T  
IT MARVELOUS?

I SURE WUZ  
SURPRISED SLATE  
MADE ME FORE-  
MAN!

SO WUZ I,  
RUNT!



UH, FRED, I'M GONNA  
TELL MR. SLATE TA GIVE  
YOU A RAISE!

GRRRRRRR!  
DON'T DO ME  
NO FAVORS!











